

SEX IN THE SEVENTIES, OR EVERYONE WANTS TO BE DIANA ROSS Marvin J. Taylor

Sex in the seventies was nothing like what so-called sex is today. We were feral cats, perpetually in heat, rubbing our cocks and pussies and asses on anything, anyone, anywhere in any way that would get us off. Our bodies were young and hairy and lean. No gym boys or aerobicized girls or preppies or yuppies or legwarmers or tattoos or beards or dreaded top-knots. We had drugs and sex and rock and roll and had to make up in one decade for the past two centuries of sexual abstemiousness. We hurt to fuck and to fuck often. Fuck as much as possible until our dicks and asses and tits were sore and chafed and we still had to go on fucking because that meant we were alive. *Alone at Last* takes us back to that golden moment when there was birth control. When women for the first time could use their bodies as men always had. Gays, fags, dykes, homos, pansies, queers, whores, pimps, dominatrixes, leather daddies, bottoms, tops, slaves, masters—we could be and strove to be all these at once. We were the Village People. Our duty was to have as much sex as possible. And we did. And then came AIDS and the “big fear.” We all knew someone. And then came “safe sex.” Sex wasn’t supposed to be safe. It was rebellion. We were the new generation. We had everything. We had to rethink everything. Overnight. Bodies became buff and waxed. We suffered Reagan and Bush and denial about a virus that was killing us off. We became so afraid of sex that our kids can’t even believe that the sex in the 70s existed. *Alone at Last* should be required viewing for everyone under forty. I’d love to watch them squirm with embarrassment and arousal at how we lived in our bodies. About how fluid our sex was. How dirty, and dangerous, and honest. Maybe, just maybe, *Alone at Last* can help us remember the time before the virus. Maybe, just maybe, *Alone at Last* can help us un-remember the “big fear.” ■